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LETAH
—AND THE—
ROBES OF LIGHT.

PRESENTATION.

This production was not one of choice, but one of necessity, as there came in an unmistakable form, such a sense of compulsion, and so strong was the impression, that to resist longer seemed almost impossible ; hence its appearance. The form was apparently left optional. Its presentation in this style, was, after much reflection, decided upon. Knowing the evanescence of a simple story told in prose, from the mystic folds of memory, and the rapidity with which it is read, or run over, and the slight impression made by that method of reaching the moral and intellectual faculties, the metrical or measured style was selected, as it requires more time for its digestion and assimilation by the reflective faculties.

It has received no retouching or polishing, but is presented in its first form of evolution, and may therefore occasionally sound harsh to the refined and critical ear, but that defect may in a measure prove to be the means of causing it to be more closely studied and analyzed, thereby inducing it to be more deeply graven on the tablets of the memory, to be recalled and reviewed by the reflective faculties of man's moral fabrication. Hoping for its good results, and with an assurance, that

33 This springs not out of a sin sick heart.
Nor yet from a cloud of despair,
But only from bearing more than his part,
Of the burden of others care,

Respectfully,

Signed G. W. B. at end

m. b.

1878

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LETAH

—AND THE—

Robes of Light.

I knew that the dew drop could never know,
That its moistening power would sustain the life
Of some tiny plant, that would wither and die,
Not able to stand with the sunshine's strife,
But a poor brown thing on the earth would lie.

It came in time all uncalled to be lost,
In its transfer to life in some feeble leaf,
That may struggle along and attain to a power,
And may sooth with its shadow some mortal in grief,
And beguile him to peace when life's clouds shall lower.

The flower knows not that its odors will bless,
As they freely diffuse from its petals so fast,
Filling the air with a bliss all its own,
Which is only enjoyed while the breezes goes past.
'Tis only the bliss of the time we have known.

It has life for itself and joy for the world,
If any are there its delights to inhale,
If not 'tis the same, its work must be done,
Though its odors are lost on each passing gale,
Enough that its mission has fairly been run.

Unconscious of all its warmth and great strength,
It held in its store for all it has found,
To take its warm gift in life and in health,
'Tis greeted by all in its wide circle round,
The sunlight pure with its large store of wealth.

Giving gay and rich color so rudy and free,
 Coming again and again, forever each day,
 As onward we whirl now to greet and to lose,
 In vain we may wish its departure to stay,
 We only like manna, can save what we use.

The hot fevered brow most gladly will greet,
 The soft cooling breeze that gives some relief,
 That gently comes flitting its mission to fill,
 Or to tighten some sail of a ship load of grief,
 That was bowed down with bodings, and only of ill.

Inanimate air has no thanks to expect,
 Devoid of the longings we mortals possess,
 Which must live in the soul on gratitude given,
 That will bring such a charm the feelings to bless,
 Next equal to what we may wish for in heaven.

Thus pondered I sad at the death of a day,
 That had passed in devotion to mortals distressed,
 No dew drop to moisten my poor famished heart,
 The fragrance of flowers my soul had not blessed,
 No sunlight or breeze had helped bear my part.

But had striven to save from the demon disease.
 Those it in vain had sought out to rend,
 A skill and a science was brought to their aid,
 A hope and a courage to weak ones would lend,
 And often a final departure had stayed.

With the thought of ingratitude oftentimes given,
 And yearning for thanks for efforts so free,
 A cloud of despair came brooding around.
 I could not well banish, and could not well flee,
 Alas ! such oppression I never had found.

Then came those repinings so strangely unknown,
 In years of fidelity so faithfully spent,
 In toiling for others to win for them health,
 In which to them much of my own I had lent,
 Unmindful of fame, and heedless of wealth.

My room became illumed with glorious light,
 From whence or where I could not know or tell,
 So soft, so pure, and soothing to each wandering thought,
 Like those strange visions that in dreams have fell,
 Or wierd like fancy from some mission brought.

I sat confused and wondering at the change,
 Yet not in fear for I could fear no ill,
 When came a voice so soft and low,
 My every sense awoke as with a will,
 To hear and see and all of this to know.

"The yearning of thy anxious heart is known,
 And all thy toiling for thy race's good,
 Is treasured up, and held reserved for thee,
 And thou hast done what any mortals should,
 That would from earthly dross be ever free.

As some reward for thy continuous toil,
 I am commissioned thee to take and show
 As near the realm of that eternal bliss,
 As would be safe for thee to ever know,
 And work on in a world like this.

For thou shalt know thy toil is not in vain,
 Although thou was repining at thy lot,
 For thankless tasks so oft and freely done,
 It has not all been lost, or all forgot,
 But something has for thee by it been won.

The slightest act if kindly done or given,
 Is never lost upon the wave of time,
 But onward moves to influence more or less,
 Perchance to rise and be an aid sublime,
 Or in some one to culminate and bless.

And thou hast many a wave so started on
 That may o'erwhelm so much of ill intent,
 That but for thee, would have sprung up and been
 Spread broadly round, and much of sorrow sent,
 To add affliction to poor fallen men.

This thou hast done, thy work shall ever live,
 And may thy good the ill of many blight,
 Till mortals cease to be, or are no more,
 Transferred to being of eternal light,
 Clad in bright garments on another shore.

Come, and my buoyant power shall to thee give
 The means to rise above this troubled earth,
 Where thou shall learn still more than I could tell,
 While resting here where sin itself has birth,
 Or could be known to those who here may dwell.

I am to bear thee from this world away,
 Knowing the good that thou hast freely done,
 Where mortal spirits to the angels rise,
 And show thee what their living faith has won;
 'Tis very far above your earthly skies.

The toil of life with thee is not yet o'er,
 So thou shall be returned in safety here,
 To serve out still thy 'lotted space with man,
 Hence with me thou will have no cause of fear,
 But will thy coming acts more closely scan."

Then came a pause, I felt that passive thrill
 The dying may be the thought to feel and know,
 When quite content they greet the hour of rest,
 Ready and waiting from this world to go,
 Willing, and conscious 'tis for them the best.

I raised my lids, which had been drooping low,
 And saw before a being bright and fair,
 More lovely than this earth had e'er possessed,
 Or e'er had fallen to a mortal's share,
 To see which, one would be supremely blest.

A brilliant aura of most glorious light
 Was shed profusely, and from every part,
 Giving a grand and yet most pleasing glow,
 Like pure emotion that may fill the heart,
 That some may feel yet many never know.

Magestic wings o'erspread that lovely form,
 That quivered constant in our baser air,
 As if impatient to be on the way,
 Or fearful of the burden they must bear
 To that bright region of eternal day.

I raised my arms and bowed submissive low
 When round and o'er a soothing fragrance fell,
 Precursor to support that then was given,
 And I can never know, or dare to tell,
 What means were used or how our air was riven.

A conscious sense of rushing air was felt
 As onward went we in our upward flight,
 Beyond the realms of all I ever knew,
 Our pathway brilliant with angelic light,
 And lighter still my bearer's burden grew.

What time or space was passed not mine to know,
 And little good 'twould do poor mortals here,
 For there is quite too much for us to learn
 If we would win that place however dear,
 And it is in our power to gain or earn.

There dawned a grand and ever glorious light,
 More brilliant than we know at birth of day,
 While through my form a shudder seemed to go,
 At the first touching of its holy ray,
 Fearing so much of heaven to dare to know.

A calm assurance then my guardian gave
 "That yon bright realm was still in store for all,
 That of creation's earth was but a part
 That had been lost by some misguided fall,
 But could be saved by mercies pleading art.

That none could not in heaven an entrance gain
 Until the dross of earth had passed away,
 Or that permission had been sought or won,
 Through some appointed or accepted way,
 And the allotted time was passed and done.

But near the region of that blissful realm
 'Tis mine to bear thee, and to freely show
 The resurrected mortals that will greet,
 To recognise, and joyously to know,
 The souls that waiting lay at mercies feet.

Then clad as angels with triumphant joy,
 Enter the realm where change can come no more,
 Where time and space are never marked or told
 As it is mapped and pointed on your shore,
 And in the orbs that round so long have rolled.

Comes now still brighter and more holy light,
 And music shall thy senses deep enthrall,
 But thou shall be sustained in this, and more,
 For this will be to thee a sacred call
 To help save mortal on thy time told shore."

The dazzling form of angels bright were seen
 Grouping ~~on~~ on some mercies' missioned flight,
 While music ravishing with wave like roll
 Imprisoned every sense with sweet delight,
 Yet like the power of love with soft control.

And I was rested on a pearly floor
 That seemed like air compressed my weight to bear,
 While angel forms, all quivering, shrank with fear,
 Perchance to think a mortal form would dare
 Hard by the throne of heaven, to venture near.

My guardian seemed to all assurance give,
 And fear forsook the ever guarding corps,
 And we permitted then to pass along,
 My eyes could bear the light, and even more
 My sense sustain the music of a worship song.

I saw a cloud that seemed to ever end
 Where met a troop of angels from above,
 Bearing along as on they seemed to flow,
 Most brilliant gems, while chanting songs of love,
 And from there other forms would seem to go.

The modest youth may lose the power of speech
 When first the witching thrill of love is felt,
 And passive sit o'erwhelmed in wond'rous bliss
 By her who has the mystic portion delt,
 Yet with his eyes no word or act will miss.

So wonder palsied was my tongue till now
 When calm assurance seemed to make it free,
 And bid me ask, for I was fain to know,
 For all was strange and quite unknown to me,
 What meant that cloud thus rising from below.

My guardian spirit bid me "come and learn
 What mercies pleading power from God had won.
 Though great the sacrifice for it must be
 In giving to the world an earth born Son,
 That from the curse of sin they might be free.

And easier access to yon realm be given,
 To all who wished its endless bliss to share,
 For many had perversely seemed to shun
 What could be had by faithful work and prayer,
 Nor caring if a lasting life was won.

They had the teachings of the prophets long,
 That mercy sent them in the ages past,
 And daily saw their brief existence end
 And fully knew a life could never last,
 And yet no thought into the future send.

'Twas their's to win, and theirs to ask and gain
 E'er yet the ebbing time of life was o'er,
 For Godhead world with mortals freely share
 In His eternal never ending shore,
 All who may choose to yet assemble there.

That cloud thus seen now rising from below,
 Coming like incense from a planet lost,
 Is resurrection of the mortal part
 That through the trials of your earth have passed,
 And shunned temptation's ever ready art.

Each mortal has within a spirit's power,
 To guide it through the labyrinth of life,
 A conscious instinct of a better sphere,
 Which noble aid may give in every strife,
 And may perhaps restore it safely here.

But that mysterious change by death must come
 E're yet the spirit will have power to leave,
 Its field of conflict of unequal strife,
 Where intellect and sense conspire to grieve
 And oft supremacy may hold through life.

Then mercies plea restores the spirit back
 To wait the few brief years of time's delay,
 And short a respite for its exile hold
 And while its charge shall see a slow decay
 To rise like dust from out its mother mould.

That cloud was dust of mortal beings once,
 Which watchful guardian spirits did restore,
 Though intellect and passions both have striven
 While in probation on your earthly shore,
 To keep the soul and body both from heaven.

Restored at last, and made in form again
 And better fitted for a better sphere,
 Then comes the spirits that triumphant won,
 To repossess the form made doubly dear
 And thus the resurrection has been done.

Those brilliant gems the guardian angels bear
 From realms beyond to where new forms have birth,
 Now heard rejoicing in a welcome song,
 Where spirits that have served their time on earth
 And patient laid at mercies' feet so long.

Now gladly welcome and possess again
 The angel forms to them now fondly dear,
 Where they can reign supreme, and will forever,
 Without a thought or e'en a rising fear
 That time or change, they from their charge may sever."

I could not well refrain from asking then
 Perchance my own condition then to learn,
 If it were mine at last so blest to go,
 Sometimes the human heart so deep will yearn
 More of the future still to learn and know.

If all earth's mortals thus will glad ascend,
 If all would be restored to heaven again?
 The glorious face then lost its brilliant light,
 The wings o'erspread as if to hide with shame,
 Like setting sun that brings the coming night.

Then deep regret arose that I should throw
 Or cause a cloud of grief so sad to spring,
 O'er one who had me in his precious care.
 And where alone but bliss had power to wing
 Save through the pleading of a mortal's prayer.

But rising slowly while a paler light
 From his fair features seemed to come and go,
 Then with new strength as if just given,
 "No mortal, no, for this thou too shall know
 Not all of earth arise in peace to heaven.

Some spirits fail their precious care to guard
 To give monitions of the right and wrong
 But let base passions rise and gain control,
 And riot run until they get so strong
 They scorn the heeding of the spirit soul.

Some too may revel in their mental play,
 With intellectual joys be quite content,
 And with their wisdom grow unwitting wild,
 Denying it to them was kindly lent
 To aid the teachings of the spirit mild.

As in the harvest in your fields below,
 The good and bad together there may stand,
 The sunshine, rain, and earth for good and ill
 But when is spread abroad the reaper's hand,
 None of the evils goes his sheaves to fill.

And thus when spirits rise and dust ascend
 Some will be left but by their choice alone,
 'Twas theirs to choose and theirs to count the cost,
 They lived for earth, and died to heaven unknown,
 Some wills it thus to be forever lost.

Each shore, each zone and forth from every clime,
 Now comes the tribute of your fallen race,
 That have the tempter's trials stood so well
 And now found worthy of a better place,
 Where they forever henceforth more may dwell."

Presumptuous still, I fain again would ask
 Where goes those spirits that have lost their home,
 By their own failure or by man's strong will,
 Are they permitted still at large to roam
 Or have they yet a duty to fulfill?

"Those are the evils that you most must fear,
 For since is lost to them all hope of heaven
 Their strife is but to alienate the good
 With all the power to them first given;
 They still and have done all the ill they could.

They seek to find some vain deluded one
 And strive the guardian spirit's power to blight,
 Or message from some loved one claim to bear
 Involving all in their eternal night,
 That others too their mournful lot may share.

'Till time shall cease, they range your earth at will
 Hurling defiance at the throne above,
 Assailing mortals frail where ere they can,
 Reaching him often even through his love,
 But preying always on poor erring man.

Here, recreation of the just is made,
 And from here new Immortals now will spring
 To be reclad in living robes of light,
 Then through those blest abode to ever wing
 Where comes unsullied only pure delight.

Gomod to guide the rising dust aright,
 Here by the choice and will of God appears
 For service long and ever faithful given
 While on your earth for many, many years,
 In struggling earnest for the prize of Heaven.

Faithful he stood beside the prophets old
 Those first kind messages of heaven's love,
 And let each tie of earth and all depart,
 Striving and ever hardened man to move
 And their acceptance of the better part.

So learn pre-eminence can here be won
 By finite beings when their race is o'er,
 This should be known to lighten worldly grief
 And help the weak ones to endure yet more,
 Until death comes with its much wished relief."

Beneath the hand of God's directing aid
 New forms would spring, and angel shapes arise,
 With fair and glorious wings outspreading wide,
 And each with soft entrancing love lit eyes
 Surpassing those of fancy's loveliest bride.

Their wings and head seemed clad in silk of gold
 That backward threw the white robe angel's light,
 A scene that mortal eyes had ne'er beheld
 So grand, so glorious, and so dazzling bright,
 Entranced emotions through me strangely welled.

Yet still I heard, and felt, and strangely kept,
 Deep in the tablets of my living brain,
 Some of the songs by angel cohorts sung,
 Which I still fondly hope to hear again,
 Thus as it at the recreation rung.

SONG.

Welcome mortals lost and won
 Welcome now life cares are o'er,
 Welcome through Jehovah's Son,
 Welcome to our happy shore,
 And with us to ever wing
 Where we can God's praises sing.

Forevermore, forevermore,
 Where we can God's praises sing,
 Forever, evermore.

Welcome spirit to thy own,
 Welcome to the forms now given,
 Welcome from thy earthly home,
 Welcome to thy place in heaven.
 Where but bliss alone will meet thee,
 Where bright angels glad will greet thee.

Forevermore, forevermore,
 Where bright angels glad will greet thee,
 Forever, evermore.

Welcome mortal part now risen,
 Welcome to new angels fair,
 Welcome from their earthly prison,
 Welcome from a world of care,
 Thou hast won the robes of light,
 Now enjoy our heaven bright,

Forevermore, forevermore,
 Now enjoy our heaven bright
 Forever, evermore.

The new formed beings under angel guides,
 Were grouped together and were marched along,
 To where still richer music seemed to swell
 In sweetest cadence of angelic song,
 For thus their happiness they dared to tell.

A deeper thrill my frame was made to feel,
 To see some hand clasp fond and loving given,
 To know that e'en so near Jehovah's throne,
 Those who desire and gain that blessed heaven,
 Shall recognize and meet those they have known.

My angel guide then bade me come and see
 From whence arose those strains of rich delight,
 Where finite angels shall be richly blest,
 Where will be given them the robes of light
 'Ere they can enter to eternal rest.


We gained the place but quick a sudden thrill
 Seemed to have palsied all with rising fear,
 Except their wings which with a tremor shook,
 That e'en a mortal thus should venture near
 And on their work presume or dare to look.

My guide to all renewed assurance gave,
 Strange though it was, yet it was God's decree,
 A mortal should be brought from earth below
 And living robes of lasting light should see,
 And thus more of his goodness learn and know.

Then from the many, many thousands there,
 Seemed to swell up a richer grander song,
 Which thrilled my every sense, and from that hour
 Still its grand cadence seems to float along,
 Sent by an unseen yet eternal power.

As rapid beats the heart with earthly bliss
 Of real and even fancied finite joy,
 Coming in dreams to give a witching thrill,
 In fame, or wealth, that must eventuous cloy,
 And fail the longing of the mind to fill.

Not thus the memory of the past comes back
 To glorious light, then leave a cloud in view
 Which rising up may shadows on us throw,
 But like a sun ray all life's passage through,
 Comes up what I of heaven was bid to know.

Those words  sung still in me seem to live,
 And from the spirit comes an echo back,
 When frail mortality perchance would fail
 Or in life's race it might in courage lack,
 Then comes that music on some passing gale.

SONG.

Far away from thy home and away from thy shore,
 We welcome thee mortal, for never before
 In a myriad of years since ~~our~~ our heaven began,
 Have angels beheld here the mould of a man.
 Fain would we round thee our loving arms twine,
 To keep thee forever from thy sin-clad clime.

Thy shore is illumined by a glorious sun;
 And flowers shall blossom till its time is run,
 And hope in the heart of each being shall spring,
 While the spirit on guard to its form shall cling.
 Yet fain would we round thee our loving arms throw,
 To guard and protect thee from the dangers below.

All the joys of a life, if devoted to bliss,
 On your earth could not equal a day spent in this;
 In the home of the blest, this heaven above,
 Where our duty alone is to worship and love.
 Then fain would we round thee our loving arms clasp,
 To keep the forver or win thee at last.

Yet returned thou must be to thy sin-bearing soil,
 Awhile for thy race to yet earnestly toil,
 And tell them of this the glad home of the blest,
 Where all if they choose can at least find a rest.
 So round thee we dare not our angel arms throw,
 To keep thee from duty for thee yet below.

There, with a horizon round me of faces,
 So richly mosaic'd with beauty and gold,
 With odors prevailing so fragrant and rare,
 Filling the senses with all they would hold,
 Who more of this earth could wish or could care?

Enveloped in love, surrounded with bliss,
 O'erwhelmed with emotions none could portray,
 Gladly have yielded then there my last breath
 Could I remain there, and evermore stay,
 Thus missing the change we mortals call death.

A mission remained for me yet to fulfill,
 Mine was the duty to learn and comply,
 Bearing this message of love and delight
 Diffused through me deep by angels on high,
 While sated with bliss so lasting and bright.

Near was a circle where angels were massed
 In numbers so great no mortal could tell,
 From which seemed to rise as if in contest,
 Sweet fragrance, and light, and music's soft swell,
 Which rose like a cloud high over the blest.

With newly formed beings just risen from earth,
 Into the circle we passed to behold,
 Where the robes of light with their dazzling gleam,
 Were made from the gems and the purest gold,
 Surpassing the wildest of fancy's dream.

On looms of wondrous and mystical form,
 Garments were fabrick'd an angel must wear,
 When through the pearly gates entrance above
 They pass, to evermore lasting shores
 In heaven the bliss of eternity's love.

There at the looms of a red golden hue,
 Bidding the shuttle to come and go,
 And furnish the gems as it passed along
 To be thickly grouped in each sparkling row,
 And be strangely knit to the gold warp strong,

Sat beautiful weavers with love-lit eyes,
 With their glorious wings on their backs far thrown
 While moulding their robes of love with care,
 Illum'd by a star from their brow that shone
 Much brighter than those we at night may share.

Like descent of dew at the twilight hour,
 Came a fall of down from a cloud of light
 Just as bright and fair as the foam of snow,
 Which would group itself in the form aright
 To be firmly wed by the shuttle's throw.

My guide to my side then blessed Letah drew,
 That a mortal more from her lips might know,
 Of the angel's bliss and the joys above,
 To kindle anew when he went below
 A still brighter hope for its lasting love.

Place in a whirlwind capaciously large
 All the bright sunshine to earth ever lent,
 Cast in the flowers so fragrant and rare,
 Beautiful gifts that the angels have sent
 To gladden our life and lighten our care.

Then into the circle more to enrich
 Throw all the music delightful and sweet
 That ever has been, or ever could be,
 Rich and pure odors we gladly now greet,
 Collect and enclose now fall so free.

Then into the mass to make it well mould
 Scatter the dew drops our mornings will show,
 Those tears of kind angels falling at night
 So brilliant and pure that sparkle and glow,
 That us to a brighter world daily invite,

Then bid it revolve and let it give birth
 From out of the elements held in its fold,
 To a being of bliss, a form of delight,
 While angels await in numbers untold
 Bearing its spirit surpassingly bright.

Thus must the form of bright Letah have sprung
 From all that was pure our earth could supply,
 If ever our world was gladdened and blessed,
 All nature conspired to get up the die
 To mould in ~~one~~ form all blessings possessed. *one*

Never was mortal made ever so fair,
 And never delight so blended with love,
 Shrined in a halo of beauty and bliss
 Whose aura alone a stoic would move.
 'Tis well we have not such angels in this.

If Letah was here, we would cease to know
 That heaven was brighter and better than all.
 Contented and patient, bearing our lot,
 Could we in worship before her but fall,
 Letting all else of this earth be forgot.

As burst the bud when genial showers have fell,
 As beams the sun when clouds have rode away,
 So came new courage to my beating heart
 Which in surprise had dared e'en there to stray,
 Palsied and wondering at angelic art.

But conscious of still more our earth should learn
 Presumptuous then my queries free were made,
 Presuming Letah was a woman yet
 And willing as her mortal sex to aid,
 How heaven to win, how earth to more forget.

Oh, tell me, Letah, if 'tis best to know.
 Was you an exile from this realm of bliss?
 Were you a mortal on our planet earth?
 Did you our trials and temptations miss,
 Or sprung with God into eternal birth?

Are other orbs like mine estranged away,
 With beings where bright spirits ever more,
 Enter the contest as with us to win
 And bring restored at last to this blessed shore,
 Their charges safe through every cloud of sin?

We yearn and thirst to fathom hidden space,
 And tax our eyes in vain at night to scan
 The lights that round us seem to ever roll,
 To ravel out God's wondrous working plan,
 But still the problem quite evades control.

If quite too daring questions made like these,
 Remember how a mortal heart will yearn,
 And pass them by, to bid me only know
 What would be best while favored here to learn,
 And carry gladly to my home below.

With voice entrancing as a music'd trill
 With love beams from her blue seraphic eyes,
 Quite overwhelmed yet with delicious awe
 My ears retained her sweet and glad surprise,
 And pictured well what once a mortal saw.

"I was of earth ere yet my maker gave
 Permission for my spirit's guard to leave,
 And left near eighteen centuries ago,
 But for the past we angels cannot grieve
 For sorrow here no one can ever know.

I came from Rome, and had a living faith
 To aid me ever through my daily life,
 To serve the living God my sole desire
 And shun the evils then and ever rife,
 And keep alive Jehovah's vestal fire.

I stood the trials of a wicked race
 And bore afflictions often on me thrown,
 Caring not what my feeble form should bear
 Could I but worship the true God alone
 And in the future, these rich blessings share.

My spirits home was crushed, my frame destroyed
 By beasts made mad by hunger long delayed;
 Because I would not to an image bow,
 But daily by myself in faith I prayed,
 And could not take a base unholy vow.

Not thus with thee dare persecutions rage,
 Where freedom spreads her broad protecting shield,
 Where prayers are want and often freely given
 That rise like incense from a flowery field,
 To plead thy cause before the throne of heaven.

Thine is a blessed spot on thy small orb,
Which yet shall spread its influence broadly round
Until thy weak and sad benighted race
Shall learn of heaven, and make its shores resound
With pleadings for admission to this place.

Yet not until thy teachers learn to toil
As did the prophets, in long ages past,
As went the helpers of thy Savior dear,
So must they leave the world and go at last
If they would win thy race and help them here.

They must be proof to each delusive smile
And shun the forum's false and glittering show,
Where worldly minds in vain may strive to win
The bauble fame, of which they should not know,
That base deceptive form of mental sin.

Poor man's applause is not for them to ask,
Nor theirs corroding wealth to seek or share
While feeble ones in vain for help may yearn,
Denied the boon of e'en their slightest care
And thus of this bright home may never learn.

Those who have heard and known Jehovah's will
Need not their daily care and constant guide,
Like loaded tables where the sated few
Refuse the dainties and would cast aside
What would be relished by the famished crew.

Thus are they feasting those who need it not
Forgetting toilers that should freely share,
As they were bid when God their mission gave
To tend his fold with ever watchful care,
And every feeble one from danger save.

Ere yet the score of years in store for thee,
To pass in toiling till thy life is o'er,
And thy freed spirit shall again return,
They will arouse to duty and once more
In work and worship for their Maker burn.

Full many a world like thine has rose to fall
When their allotted time in space was past,
Or when too much aroused creative ire
Then came from nature the destructive blast,
Or like your moon the fierce consuming fire.

When first into existance all things sprang,
 Is not for us to ever comprehend,
 Or the eternal fiat forth shall go
 To bid those tributary worlds to end,
 Is not yet told, but all things else we know.

Some have been lost, forever blotted out
 From that grand galaxy of orbs now seen,
 While others yet are bid to roll in space,
 Hid from all eyes by God's eternal screen,
 'Till others rise to take their needed place.

From some have come through trials great as thine,
 Large numbers to this blessed realm of light,
 While others scorned the proffered offers given,
 Now lost forever in eternal night,
 No longer known e'en to the care of heaven.

For some vain worlds which deem'd all made for them,
 As great an effort has been made to win
 To gain acceptance to Jehovah's plan,
 And guard against some new besieging sin,
 As has been done on thine in aid of man.

Like erring child that cost the parents grief,
 The yearning heart refuse to cease to love,
 But still clings on and hoping ever more,
 That faithful love and pearly tears may move,
 And victory crown them with a heart won o'er.

Thus with more patience than poor mortals know,
 Jehovah with his creatures ever bear
 And daily loving acts to them is done,
 And all their trials fain would gladly share,
 Would they but love, and seek Him, and be won.

On some, bright ange's were deployed to guide,
 To lead them in their daily walks aright,
 And be examples for a worthy life;
 While stars of peace o'erspread their dome at night
 To watch, and guard them from contending strife.

Yet transient pleasures and the love of gain,
 That would be relished for so short a space,
 Had they won all and treasured while they live,
 Would equal not one joy in that bright place,
 Their guides had right and power to freely give.

The short brief exile they were bid endure
 Bestud with flowers that would make it light,
 To serve as trials and compel to choose
 This life eternal, with its bliss so bright
 Or that so brief, and all of this to loose.

But some withstood, as plants once rooted firm
 May bend and bow before the sweeping blast,
 Then rise in triumph when its force is sped,
 And send its petals to be freely cast,
 And fragrant odors free around to spread.

This is the place at which arises pure
 All of the good thy world can deign to give,
 To which the tribute comes so dearly won,
 Where all in glad eternal bliss shall live
 And glory in the presence of the Son.

Here is remade the newly risen one
 And greets the spirit here their earthly frame
 That has been saved by their devoted care,
 Now fitted for a brighter home to claim
 And in its lasting blessings ever share.

When clad in garments, holy robes of light,
 That all must win ere through the pearly gate
 Their feet may pass to revel in that realm,
 Hid from all eyes save those whose constant fate
 Is sealed by death, the end of life's wild dream.

Preknowledge soon to mortals will be given
 To know if good or ill their steps befall,
 Needed to guard against contending ills,
 To them it will be still a newer call,
 And know that love for them Jehovah thrills.

With man lost spirits ever more contend,
 To draw him down and steal his right away,
 The watchful guardians care they would destroy
 And lead the erring one still more astray,
 And thus win for themselves their only joy.

Hence knowledge to them of some dangerous guise,
 In which assault upon them will be made,
 Shall to them in some welcome form be given,
 Perchance in dreams, or in some light or shade
 That will preserve them safe, and save for heaven

Come and with me more of the good to learn,
 The living robes of lasting light behold,
 The precious boon all angels ever share,
 Inwove with that more precious still than gold,
 God's love, and promise of eternal care."

We walked amid the glorious parting ranks,
 Whose quivering pinions shed a perfume sweet,
 Each head was bowed, and loving looks were cast
 On first of mortals it was theirs to greet,
 As slowly through the serried host we passed.

We stopped beside the looms whose pearly shuttles throw
 Made brilliant robes from what most freely fell,
 Like holy dew of gold and diamonds bright
 'Mid softest down that seemed to throb and swell,
 Whose brilliancy would make a day of night.

Each instant from the bright forms seemed to spring
 The sacred garbs, as if with life endowed,
 That with baptismal touch would virtue give
 The new formed angel, that devoted bowed
 To take the gift that bid them ever live.

The sweet glad shout and rich hosannah's ring
 That greets the new ones faithful guardians won.
 No mortal unsustained could ever bear,
 And ~~none~~ may hear it, till their race is run *none*
 And counted worthy of its bliss to share.

Thus seemed to swell the joyous glorious song
 As it in waves would seem to rise and flow,
 With richer notes and far more sweeter strain
 Than mortal ear has ever dared to know,
 Or mortal voice could e'er presume attain.

SONG.

Hail, hail, hail Hosannah to the blest !
 Now welcome art thou,
 To enter and bow,
 Before His blest throne,
 Who gladly will own,
 Thee as an angel bright,
 And bid thee ever more
 Since now thy cares are o'er,
 Enjoy our glad delight.

Hail, hail, hail a welcome glad receive,
 Mercy's plea has won,
 Worship give the Son,
 Ever since his birth
 Pleading still for earth,
 Who will forever reign
 Through never ending bliss
 In brighter realms than this,
 So glory give his name.

Hail, hail, hail to bright angels risen,
 Here blest robes we give.
 That will ever live
 In our happy clime,
 Never marked by time,
 Enters the gate of heaven
 For life's cares are past,
 Thy joys will ever last,
 The past is all forgiven.

She bade me touch the sacred emblems pure,
 That might be felt and known the holy thrill
 Which happy angels feel from love divine,
 That springs at once to ever constant fill,
 And to His service evermore incline.

As sought a woman once that sacred hem
 To stay the wearing of her life away,
 My trembling hand presumed in faith to dare
 To gain protection through life's tedious way,
 And in its lasting holy love to share.

Group all the joyous moment of a life
 That favored mortals might presume to know,
 In one grand moment of condensed delight,
 And it would equal but the glow worm's show
 That claimed the power to make a day of night.

The heart subduing witching touch of love,
 The miser's mad delight of added gain,
 Or cry of victory so dearly won,
 Are like a pebble on the shore a grain,
 To what the touching of that robe had done.

'Tis not in power of words to ever tell
 Or give description of what then was felt,
 But simply done what to me had been told
 And down beside blest Letah there I knelt,
 And in my hand the sacred robe did hold.

We talk of the froth and the foam of snow
 That comes and goes through the waves of the air,
 And of gossamer webs so light and gay
 That we in the autumn see floating there,
 But they are gross, and the robe would out-weigh.

Like an angel filled with that glowing love,
 That had come like light through my mortal mould,
 Making me bolder and braver to grow
 Still yet more to ask and more to be told,
 And carry to aid poor mortals below.

I more yet would learn bright Letah so blest,
 Fain would yet ask thee if best to be known,
 If those to which light has never been given
 But guided by conscience, and that alone,
 Will be accepted and welcomed to heaven!

"God still is just, to mortals ever kind
 And never asks what they cannot bestow,
 But each one in his field must earnest strive
 Though little they perchance of light may know,
 Yet that their duty is to keep alive."

The warning of their spirits guide to heed
 Off' known as conscience in a worldly way,
 Is with them present ever to restrain,
 Their onward steps to evil prompt to stay,
 Would they but listen all of this to gain.

Its voice is low, yet can be heard by all
 That choose to lend to it a willing ear,
 And its monitions are a trusty guide
 That lasting clings, through life is ever near,
 Which mortals cannot safely thrust aside.

Thou hast examples that might make it plain,
 There is the life of Socrates to read,
 Rough as a tiger with disjointed claw,
 Striving ~~with~~ patience in the right to lead
 Yet guided by the only light he saw.

with

So those that choose the right can surely know,
 And those who have most light have most to give,
 For they their aid to weaker ones must cast
 And grant them light that they may better live,
 If they would win this bliss when life is past.

Heed what is known, and learn still more if need,
 And seek to fathom all ~~that~~ God's Son has said,
 Take his instructions as your daily guide
 'Tis safer always, than constructions made
 By those that blend them in with worldly pride.

Thy place on hearth will note thy absence soon
 And search for thee by fond ones quick be made,
 The trusted one will bear thee safely back,
 Thy stay with us cannot be long delayed
 But spirits aid, thou never more will lack.

Fear not that memory shall fail to tell
 All thou hast seen and heard while missioned here,
 Or that thy toil shall yet unworthy prove,
 For guardian presence shall be ever near
 Thee, in the right to ever aid or move."

Then came this song so sweetly ringing o'er
 From angels grouped to welcome mortals blest,
 So grand that those on earth might e'en have heard,
 As if felt invited to that holy rest
 So loving told in each assuring word.

SONG.

Heaven with all its love and beauty
 Wait the coming of the blest,
 Where those who have done their duty
 Shall forever more find rest.

Then let all of earth's frail mortals
 Feel 'tis theirs to easy win,
 Ever wide is spread its portals
 Unto those who cease to sin.

Come and taste its lasting pleasures,
 Live in bliss for ever more,
 Mortals come, enjoy its treasures
 When thy life on earth is o'er.

Come, and through its wide realm winging,
 Taste the joys we often feel,
 When Jehovah's praises singing
 We before His throne shall kneel

Then away to pleasing duty,
 It is ours to gladly know,
 Come enjoy its lasting beauty
 When is past thy dream below.

Welcome will we ever gladly
 Mortals from ~~this~~ world of care,
 Whose sad life is mar'd so sadly,
 Come and all our pleasures share.

their

Then Letah's loving hand in mine was placed,
 Which gave anew that grand and glorious thrill,
 As had the touching of that robe just wrought,
 And did my form with love so deeply fill,
 That loss of earth for that was cheaply bought.

"Adieu to thee, 'till thy short time is o'er,
 And thy allotted work is fully done,
 And when the fate of death thou shall have passed,
 Then will our home by thee be fairly won,
 And welcome be with all the blest at last."

Then came the guardian angel back to bear
 Where care and trouble must be born again;
 But pledge of aid to me was kindly given,
 That would through every act of life sustain,
 And bring me safe at last once more to heaven.

Thus sang the angels as we passed away,
 And took our downward flight to this sad realm,
 Where all the hours of bliss 'tis ours to share,
 Are transient as a morning hour's dream,
 And equals not one happy moment there,

SONG.

Fare-thee-well, and be rewarded
 With the message thou shall bear,
 In which each and every mortal
 Should enjoy a loving share.

Fare-thee-well and still remember
 That thy earthy form shall spring,
 And each new created being
 Shall with angels ever sing.

Tell to each the pleasing message
 That they have Jehovah's care,
 That if they but strive with patience
 They His lasting bliss shall share.

As dies out hope when fond ambition fail,
 Or sinks pure love when it has been betrayed,
 Like fading day at dawn of coming night,
 So were those rays in downward progress stayed,
 And lost to us, that grand entrancing light.

But onward earthward in our easy sail,
 Through space untold, or marked by planets passed,
 Yet well illumed by light the angel shed,
 While close around me loving arms were cast,
 And o'er us both those holy wings were spread.

Again this earth our footsteps once more pressed,
 Again time told for me its winged hours o'er,
 And lost to me that loving scene of bliss,
 While toil of earth, must be renewed once more,
 And patience had, so that I might not miss.

Soon to be missed the angel presence dear,
 And quite alone be left life's steps to take,
 All this my thoughts so speedy had run through,
 But joy was mine, all future years to make
 Pass brightly, and to keep me ever true.

Then sprung in me a strange desire to learn
 If earth before my angel guide had known,
 Or if a ling'ring love for it might spring,
 If yet an angel might perchance to own
 Attachments here, round which to fondly cling.

Restored to earth, thy mission now is done,
 And mortals more of heaven perchance may know,
 Since one has viewed the resurrection shore
 And God's great work to him ~~has~~ fully show, *did angels*
 May it prove means of sending there yet more.

Yet ere thy flight to that bright realm is passed,
 And since blest Letah promised me more aid,
 Permit me yet still more to gladly learn,
 If ere with thee home on this earth was made,
 And if for mortals yet thy spirit dares to yearn.

Or can remembrance of fond ones yet cling,
 When life is past, and heaven, the goal is won?
 Is it within their province yet to win,
 And can still more of them be ever done
 To aid poor mortals that are stained with sin?
 "In that blest home we know not how to grieve,
 No taint of sorrow ere can enter there,
 That is an attribute that mortals feel.
 God can alone; and will your trials share
 And all life's troubles He has power to heal.

I was a child when earth by me was trod,
 And dearly loved by those who knew me best,
 That to my little form gave such fond care,
 That scarce an hour in peace 'twas mine to rest,
 For they were anxious every grief to share,

Mistaken care and zeal my form destroyed,
 And forced my spirit out and home to heaven,
 And they were left with but my earthly mould
 Of all that had to them been kindly given,
 And that, alas, they had not long to hold,

Not mine the power to consolation give,
 Or heal the hearts broke by the fatal breach,
 Nor stay the tide of rapid falling tears,
 But trusted spirits guides was mine to reach,
 And aid them in their charge for many years.

Till resurrection of my form was made,
 Could aid the spirits of the fond ones here,
 And help to keep alive the tender love
 Of one that had to them been ever dear,
 And try to strengthen ties to lead above.

Thus could an angel aid the loved of earth,
 And more would rob them of the right to chose,
 Responsibility must on them rest
 If they can comprehend what they may lose;
 If not, the spirits guides them for the best.

We come not back except on missions sent,
 For miracles need now no more be wrought,
 Though some false teachers yet may be basely claim
 That they, the power to work them have been taught,
 Prerogative of God's they could obtain.

But this new plan, of great Jehovah's will,
 To spread on earth what mortals sorely need,
 Since such strange teaching in your land is heard,
 And many seem averse to careful read
 The teachings of God's Holy written word.

Departures from the living faith now spring
 Which gains adherents, that might thwart the plan,
 And steal away the spirits precious charge,
 Thus robbing spirits, and defrauding man,
 Under the plea that they his hopes enlarge.

Some even claim to know when time shall end,
 When fires of hearth shall o'er its surface sweep,
 Angels know it not, man can never tell,
 That is a secret God has chose to keep
 But all by him will surely be done well.

So toil on still 'till time with thee is o'er,
 Life shall be brighter than in years long past,
 For aid to faithful ones is always given
 And be sustained while this short life shall last,
 Then gladiy welcomed be, by God in Heaven.

The time of my return is drawing near
 And earth by me may never more be known,
 Save with the loving care that angels constant feel,
 And have to mortals ever freely shown,
 Since God yet loves, and with them kindly deal.

Fare thee well, till death shall give thee kind release
 And angels shout thy glad arrival there,
 Then kindred spirits will most gladly own,
 And with the bliss forever ever share
 While chanting praise before Jehovah's throne."

Away in his flight to a brighter realm
 Where a glorious light may forever glow,
 Bearing from earth not a sad thought to cling.
 Even a shadow around them to throw,
 While they rejoicingly ever more wing.

Darkness around and above seemed to rise
 Lost was the thrill from the angel's glad light,
 In me was glowing a joy so intense,
 Filling my form with the purest delight
 That seems to arise like holy incence.

Sweet thought, grand hope, and wild delicious thrill,
 That riot runs like some mad fevered dream,
 That one unworthy should be ever chose
 To gaze upon and new assistance glean,
 And all to mortal man so free disclose.

The walks of life again my steps pursue
 Its daily cares are light and glad to bear,
 While every kindly act to weak ones shown
 Is but a duty that I gladly share,
 And is by angels always fully known.

Thus calmly waiting, till the years are past
 That are allotted for me here on earth,
 And cheerful aid the 'spirit guide to give,
 'Till comes that grand and glorious birth
 That bids me with the angels ever live.

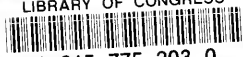
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